

their favorite haunts, and as they take everything they get their hands on they will probably take the holidays, whether legal or not. The carpenter adze some variety to his plane method of board. The blacksmith (speaking ironically) strikes work, anvil blow about his good luck. Furniture-makers are having a suite time. Lawyers are taking a brief holiday regardless of the cost. The doctors opposed to homeopathy are calling at the health resorts while their patients are dieting at home. The farmers after sower-joying themselves all spring will not work except in this wheat by-and-by. Actors are about to star it. Bootblacks are brushing up. Cabmen have long bid farewell to their friends. Politicians are all lying about the country. The soldiers will now turn their arms to the pursuits of peace and will not wait their strength in long and wearisome engagements. The sportsmen are shooting the rapids, and will leave many a sorry miss to tell of their unerring and amiable hits. Babies are having a howling and a spanking good time. Nurses will be necessary in time of squalls. Students are an unsteady class; some will seek the classic shades and branches, others will wait around the hotels for a change, and others are booked for the green and shady slopes to classes. Lovers are embracing the opportunity for sailing off and are not always hugging the shore. The swell is not yet sub-dude but still billows about water breaker of hearts he is. The musicians are playing and singers are in great gloe. Poets are idylling, airing themselves and quite composed for a verse straight time. The newsboy is on his treat. The undertakers are digging out with the rest of folks and are having an inter-esting time. Cigar-makers are lighting out. Gamblers are having a better time. Conductors are making sure of their punch. Engineers are engine themselves and brakesmen will break away from home. Phonographers and telephone operators cannot but have a phunny time. Teachers turn over a new leaf; they take their rods and lyn' in the shade they play hookey with the schools of fish. The milkman will take too the water and mix his drinks. Tourists are on hand wherever there is an arm of the sea. The minister naturally feels on-keeney for the welfare of his flock, and therefore text trouble to follow them. There are only three great classes of society left—the devil, the compositor, and the editor, and they would not be left if people would only pay up. The devil, however, will probably clean out and have a pic-nick all to his-elf. The compositor is resorting to all forms of economy but fears lest, after all, he be compelled to content himself at home with his cus-tomary pi. And the editor—he notes the events and tries to copy the actions of others; but his boots are worn out, his clothes feel thin, his hat has felt the worse of wear and tear—he will some day be attired out and then with his accumulation of common cents he will lie awfully a week summer—likely in the cool retreat of his *sanctum*.

KRAT.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint in scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

A Montreal butcher, named Poitras, was fined \$8.50 by a magistrate for refusing to kneel in church, on account of having acute pains in his back. Is not this the *knee plus ultra* of tyranny?

TOWZER'S TRIALS.

Folks, somewhat given to deride,
Complained that he was *bonified*;
A dog of bone, indeed, he was,
And from a *bona fide* cause,
For his owner lately had began
To change him to a black and tan,
Proposing with a *stick* to do it,
And that by *microly sticking* to it.
This was a sort of *sticking plaster*
Which caused poor Towzer much disaster;
He took so much harmonic tonic,
That 'tose inclined to be sardonic,
Averred his outer skin did hide
Supplies of *bark* and *whine* inside.
In fact, poor Towzer came to be
A sort of canine *tannery*,
Where *bark* and *hides* were knit together,
And *pelts* were pelted into leather.
Though not the most successful scheme,
It was not all a *bootless* dream.

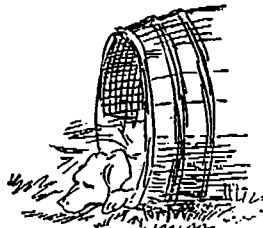


For he caught so oft the solar rays,
It filled his system with amaze.

Now (though to say it I'm *averso*),
His master counted him a curse—
Or cursed cur—for we infer
That cur (of course) is *singular*,
And *singular* it was, to see
How *singular* this dog could be;
For though he loaded at the muzzle,



Yet the fact philosophers did puzzle,
That when he slept (just like a log)
He was a *single-barrelled* dog.



No doubt it may be famous fun
To call a single dog a gun;
But it is not strictly true, because
This animal a *canine* was,
And a cannon's not a gun, 'tis clear,
As a gunner's not a *canonier*.

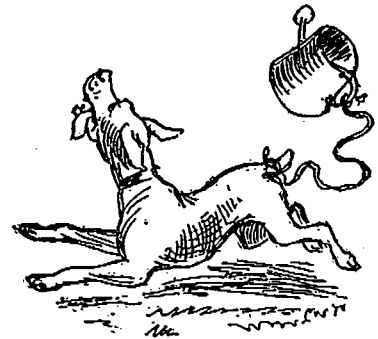


When Towzer found a pan applied
Behind—what panics shook his hide?
For pans applied behind become
A sort of *pandemonium*.
Miscplaced attachments such as these
Would shake him to the very *fees*;
Oft would his *dogged* heart howl
The way whereby he was *seized* in tail.
In fact, the pup's *caudality*

Was strictly limited in *fee*;
Perhaps "in *rupe*" would designate
In aptor words the dog's estate.

He might a "*moving tale*" unfold,
But much *curtailed* it was I'm told,
For his vertebrate articulation
Had suffered *stern determination*,
And in fun or *axe-l-dental* sport,
His *narrative* had been cut short.

A hide is but a *sea-ting* show
When *fees* prepare to "go below,"
And Towzer was most wrongfully
A victim of *fla-botomy*;
And canine bites, like quinine bitters,
Knock hope and happiness to fritters.
But let us "close" on Towzer's woes,
Some cannot *catch* our muse's throes.
Turn off the *metre*, lest we write
In the manner of a *meteor-olite*,
And *Gut*'s dear readers do not pay
For a *metre-illogical* display.
And now we've got to the end called *latter*,
This star must *vane*,
Though a Dog-star is a *Sirius* matter
From which to *refrain*.



HUMOR AND PATHOS.

The following passage, by the "Agricultural Editor" of the Toronto News, is worthy of a place in the next Forestry Report, as a plea for the preservation of trees. It furnishes, also, a good specimen of the style of Mr. E. E. Sheppard who is, in our opinion, the greatest, because the most natural humorist in America to-day:—

"Some farmers imagine that their place is fixed up fine if they have good barns, good fences, and a great big bald-headed house standing like a windmill on the hill or like a sawmill in the hollow. It isn't so. A dozen big trees do more to make a farmhouse look handsome than a hundred dollars' worth of paint, or three thousand dollars' worth of bricks and mortar. Here in the city we have finer trees than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand have in the country, with all the chance you have to grow them.

"Give your children something to remember. Even if they leave you it is worth something to every father and mother to know that the memory of their girls and boys clings to the old homestead. And, fathers and mothers, it is also worth something to the lads and lassies when in the midst of sorrow and disappointment and temptation, the wings of fancy bear them back to the home among the flowers when life was pure and the days a story of contentment and love. It's many, many years ago, yet it lives still as the brightest of fancy's dreams; it mingles with my mother's song, and comes to me with the first memory of her face; it is the story of my sleep; with the story of her love it is a part, and yet it is nothing but the tapping against the window of the tree which brushed with its branches the old weather-beaten clap-boards of the house where I was born. All my childish ambitions and loves and hopes and fears bring back to me the tapping of those leaves against my window, and as the moon shines down